

Reign of terror

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Summary: The twins has done it again! This time they weren't sick or anything, but they somehow created the biggest mess in Berk in forever. Will the others pitch in and help or not? Spoilers for the Eel Effect

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****A/n:** I was really surprised that there wasn't a flurry of Twin stories after Eel Effect. This is what happens when I'm on a Dragons high, combined with reading Tumblr and my imagination goes completely Berserk, and having just looked at a picture of Old Astrid and old Ruff.. Hope you enjoy. The words in italics are Icelandic from Google Translate, so sorry about any mistakes. ******

Berk is one of the last islands in the world that still practice the old ways. That wasn't the only thing that set it apart from its fellow islands. Regular places have pets like dogs, cats, fish, horses, or the odd Ferret. Here on Berk, we have dragons. The day started out like any other, with Brenna checking the chickens for eggs milked the several yaks that they had and then headed towards the Great Hall. Inside the many dragons were tripped over and roosted in the rafters, Berk's winters were cold, but it seemed that it was colder this year than it had been any other.

Heading towards an old woman with her long white hair pulled into a braided crown, and some framing her face. Amma was what the young child called her, but that was not her name it was only a title. Her real name was Ruffnut Thorsten, but barely anyone remembered it, the Vikings claimed that she was as old as Odin's Beard, but she only laughed at them.

"Amma, can you tell me the story of the First Dragon Rider?" Brenna asked, sitting at her grandmother's feet.

"You always ask for that story, Ungur Kappi." She replied, almost

blind eyes staring into air.

"Then what about the time you and Tuffnut made a gateway toVallahalla?" Brenna asked, not even bothered that she was called young warrior if it resulted into a tale.

"Hahaha!" Amma began to laugh, just thinking about that. "That one is best left alone, Brenna. Is it not time to begin Dragon Training with Haddock?" She asked, trying to get rid of the girl before she talked her ear off.

"Ahâ€|Do I have to _Amma_?" The young girl asked a disgusted look on her face. "She makes things hard."

"And that's why she is good at training you young sprouts. Did I ever tell you about the time she planned hot Lava Swimming for the riders?"

"Yes,_ Amma_. Instead you went to Dragon Island without your dragons, at night and met up with Dagur the Deranged." Brenna knew that when her great-great-something- grandmother was started, won't stop.

"Off to Dragon Training, _Ungur Kappi_." Ruff grasped her staff and pulled herself up, her old limbs protesting. "Come along, young warrior, I'll even walk with you. I'm sure that these old bones could benefit with some movement."

"Alright." Brenna told her, walking beside Amma. "Today we're picking dragons."

"Oh? Well you should pick a Zippleback then. I used to ride one, but now I stay with the terrors on the ground." Ruff's staff was carved like that of a zippleback head with its mouth open but a kind look on its face.

Ruff wore a fur cloak and her blond hair had turned from the color of fresh wheat to spun silver. Deep blue eyes held many sorrows in their depths when she turned her gaze onto you, but she still could make people cower. Her head was bare of the usual Viking helmet, preferring to go unclothed. On her shoulder sat two yellow-ish green terrors, bodies covered in marks and scars, but still very fond of their mistress.

Walking to the Academy was long, but it took even longer to reach because of _Amma's_ slow shuffle. Pausing inside the gates, the old woman stared, remembering the years when she had been young and still had her brother by her side. Patting Brenna's shoulder, she nodded towards the other students and their teacher, Finn Haddock, Chief Stoic's youngest brother and best Dragon rider since Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third.

"Go, _Ungur Kappi_. Remember, choose a Zippleback, they won't let you down when you need them the most." Ruff pushed the girl forwards before walking up and joining a woman similar to her.

Her white hair was pulled back into a braid, a leather headband keeping her bangs out of her face and deep wrinkles lined her face, giving her an older look compared to her counterpart. Teal blue eyes peered intently at the students below as she watched. She had no staff to lean on, preferring to stand on her own feet as tall as she

did in her youth.

"Ruff, I thought you would be enjoying all that mead in the Great Hall." She told her friend, looking sideways for the first time.

"I wanted to watch the dragon choosing of the _Ungir Striosmenn_." She replied snarky, her full attention on the red haired girl in the arena.

"Or maybe you just came to see one warrior choose, not all of them. I know you Ruffnut Thorston as well as I know my name is Astrid Haddock." She replied, arms crossed and looking at her friend expectedly.

"She reminds me of a Viking that changed the whole mindset of our race, a Hiccup in the normal way of things if you will." Ruff watched as a purple nightmare sniffed intently at one of the students.

"You must be getting senile in your old age, Ruff. You would believe that the Thorston Twins were actually smart and told stories?" Astrid stared with her best friend at the picking.

It was Brenna's turn and she slowly walked forward, eyes wide as she stared at the dragon before her. It was a Zippleback, but before she could even say anything, a loud explosion went off, scarring both dragon and girl. Which ended up with Brenna being chased around the arena by other Dragons until Fin got her calmed along with the dragons. The two talked and then Brenna nodded and left, head lowered in defeat.

"Not even me." Ruff left her friend watching, heading slowly but surely to her house, pausing every now and again to greet someone or to chew the cud with a neighbor. Walking inside a house that looked like it had stood since the Frost Giants walked, she grinned at the old stuffed molting yak in the corner. "Ah brother, if only you could have seen what fine children you raised and the many twins in your offspring. They would have made you prouder then that yak."

The two terrors climbed off her shoulder to the table, sitting and watching their mistress as she pulled out some frozen cream.

"You want some too, don't you Head and Butt?" She asked, setting before the two a bowl of the frozen cream. "Here's some Tuff-Cream, just made too."

Sitting on the steps, the old woman remembered fonder times, wishing that her brother was there beside her. She wouldn't let anyone know it, but she missed the fights, the hair pulling, the name calling, the companionship of her twin brother.

"If only there was some way, I could make that girl believe that not only is being different cool, but that the one you need to trust most is your brother?" She asked herself, thinking of every experiment the two of them did when sick with the Eel pox.

Ruff moved with a speed that she hadn't used in years, heading towards the Great Hall and the portraits of the older chiefs. Standing before them, she walked by Hamish the first and his son, Hamish the second and his son, then Stoic and Hiccup, before stopping at the picture of Hiccup and his son.

The Great Hall was empty of all but the old woman as she pulled from behind the shield a rolled up piece of parchment. "If you could see me now, Tuff you'd probably be laughing your face off and mad that I didn't get rid of this, but trust me, I think I know just the key to bring our young warrior to accept herself as she is. A Hiccup no less."

Slipping the paper under her cloak, she shuffled out, but not before she had grabbed a wooden mug full of ale. "I'm going to have a drink before you can take it away." She grumbled to the air, talking to a person that no one could see except her.

As she entered her house for the night, Ruff noticed that Brenna was once again sleeping here instead of in her room. Using her staff, she pushed the girl off the bottom step, waking her up.

"_Amma_!" Brenna yelled, rubbing her head while she looked up at the older woman.

"If you're going to spend the night, might as well go all the way up and sleep in the hammock I put in for you." She told her, Head and Butt asleep on her shoulders as the old woman headed for her bedroom. "We'll talk in the morning, _Ungur Kappi_."

"Yes, _Amma_." Brenna sighed, dragging her butt up the stairs and falling asleep in the hammock. She knew that her grandmother didn't try to be mean, she was just used to her old ways of punching someone to get her point across and throwing you in the water to teach you to swim. Her mother said that she was a tough love kind of person. She did things her way, and nothing was going to change that. But even with a twin brother, and five older brothers, Brenna didn't get their ways, preferring to watch then throw herself in the many fights and things.

She wasn't the usual Viking. The others of her kin were all big, tough, warrior types, where she liked to make things, a toothpick, a weak compared to them. She was even afraid of all the dragons on Berk, preferring to stay with her Amma and her two terror then the pack that stayed at her house.

Riders of Berk

In the morning, Ruff pulled some already sliced bread from a wooden box, another thing that her brother had thought of when in danger. Watching as Brenna came down the stairs, head and shoulders down, back not even straight. She shook her head, yelling around a mouthful of bread. "A Straight Spine is a happy Spine. Head up, shoulders back. I want to see my Ungur Kappi, not an _Osigur Ragur_."

"Yes, _Amma_." Brenna straightened up, back straight, but still unhappy.

"Don't look so glum. There'll be other dragons. Now, I have something for you." Ruff told her, grabbing the sheet that she had taken from the Great Hall, handing it to her. "This was something my brother made when he was high on the Gods' know what. You will know when you are ready. Only read it out loud when you are positive and sure of what you want to happen."

"What is it, _Amma_?" Brenna asked, curiously trying to open the gift. It wasn't often that she got things that weren't weapons, helmets, or something deemed more Viking.

"You'll know when the time is right to open that. It was the pride of our greatest experiments. Now off with you to go help your _moor_. _She's going to need some help feeding your brothers and doing chores." She shooed the young child out the door, Butt and Head each perched on one of her shoulders, grinning.

Walking by the square, she met up with Astrid, who stopped and talked with her. "So how is Brenna doing?" She asked, dropping off her axe for Aster to sharpen.

"Oh, she's about to find out that being a Hiccup is alright." Ruff grinned, wrapped up in her fur cloak.

"Ruffâ€¦What did you do?" Astrid's voice changed to that of a mother scolding a child.

"Wait and watch as the Thorston twins pull their very last prank." Ruffnut grinned wider, showing her crooked and stained teeth. "Stick around for a bit, Astrid." She told her, nudging the other woman.

In the woods behind the Great Hall was an explosion, something that revived that of the defeat of the Red Death. Ruff just grinned when Astrid stared at her friend. Everyone in Berk stopped what they were doing and stared at the mushroom cloud that covered the sky. Going on her way, Ruff knew that her granddaughter would find what she had been desperately looking for.

Amma -Grandmother

Moor-mother

Ungur Kappi- young warrior

Ungir Striosmenn- young warriors

Osigur Ragur- Defeated Coward

End
file.